

GRAUSTARK

#147

1965q

30 December 1967

Gentle Jesus, bless each bomb
We drop today on Vietnam
And keep our helicopters safe
From natives they fly low to strafe.

Lord of Life, increase our skill
To build up added Overkill,
And let no pacifist decry
The strontium-90 in our sky.

Heavenly Father, we entreat
Let no one sell the Cubans wheat,
And grant us power to chastise
All insubordinate allies.

Holy Spirit, give us grace
To win the guided missile race,
And help our scientists amass
Vast arsenals of germs and gas.

From further dwindling, Lord, preserve
Our ever-shrinking gold reserve,
And we beseech Thee, come what may,
Let overseas investments pay.

The world's most upright Christian land,
We ask these blessings at Thy hand --
Be Thine the glory, Lord on high,
When women weep and children die.

-- Ian Boyden

LONGEST WAR ENDS IN DRAW

"Spring 1922"

ENGLAND (Koning): F Mid-Spa(s.c.); F North Atlantic-Mid; F Iri, F Eng, & F Bre S F
North Atlantic-Mid; A Mar S F Mid-Spa(s.c.); A Bur & A Gas S A Mar; A Ruh & A Sil S
 A Mun; A Ber & A Mun S A Sil; A Mos & A War S A Ukr; A Ukr, A Liv, & F Bal hold.

TURKEY (Kuch): A Arm S A Sev; A Rum, A Bud, & A Boh S A Gal; A Vie S A Boh;
A Pie-Mar; F North Africa-Mid; F Por, F Lyo, & F Wes S F Spa(n.c.); F Ion, F Spa
 (n.c.). A Tus, A Tyr, F Bla, A Sev, & A Gal hold.

"Fall 1922"

ENGLAND: F Mid, A Mar, A Mun, A Ukr, & F Bal hold; F North Atlantic, F Iri, F Eng, & F
 Bre S F Mid; A Gas & A Bur S A Mar; A Ruh & A Sil S A Mun; A Ber S A Sil; A Mos &
 A War S A Ukr; A Liv S A War.

TURKEY: A Arm S A Sev; A Rum, A Bud, & A Boh S A Gal; A Vie S A Boh; A Pie-Mar; F North
Africa -Mid; F Por, F Lyo, & F Wes S F Spa(n.c.); F Ion, F Spa(n.c.), A Tus, A
 Tyr, F Bla, A Sev, & A Gal hold.

Underlined moves are not possible. At this point a draw was agreed between the
 players. The longest game in the history of postal Diplomacy thus comes to an end. A
 review will be published shortly in a future issue of GRAUSTARK.

ROME: King Spiros Preposterous today angrily assailed the recent coup which caused
 him to flee. "I will return and restore democracy," he said, "in other words, the gen-
 erals' iron control must be broken, and mine must be restored." At King Spiros' side
 was Melina Mercurial, the famous patriotic Greek intellectual. In Athens, the generals
 released Andreas Pompous, whom the King had imprisoned for failure to back true democra-
 cy. Continuing to exhibit the excellent taste so rare in rulers, the generals renewed
 their ban on broadcasts of Tchaikovsky. When congratulated by this reporter, they re-
 iterated their stand against Communist music on Greek Radio. Further probing revealed
 that they had originally confused Tchaikovsky with Tsindadze, and could not now admit
 their error without losing face.

HYDUNDERABAD, INDIA: King Coprostone, exiled monarch of Greece, had unexpected
 company today on an Icarus Airlines plane leaving this tiny Indian state. With him and
 his mother, Queen Swastika, was Maharajah Kamasutra IX, forced into exile by the Peri-
 staltic Movement, a revolutionary conspiracy headed by Pandit the Bandit.

"Where are you going, Your Majesty?" King Coprostone asked the Maharajah.

"Anywhere - as far from Hyderabad as I can get. Fortunately, I have with
 me a few keepsakes of my many years as my people's beloved ruler - diamonds, rubies,
 sapphires, and a gigantic emerald which once adorned the great idol of the god Longa-
 lingam, situated on the tip of his - ah, good day, Queen Swastika!"

"I am going to return to my people," King Coprostone stated simply.

"Back to Greece, eh?"

"Who said anything about Greece? I'm a Dane!"

"And you, Queen Swastika?"

"I'm going back to Germany, where I hope to reactivate my reserve commission in the
 Ladies' Auxiliary of the Hitler Youth."

"My only regret," said the Maharajah, "is that I must leave my people to the cruel
 talons of that subversive revolutionary Pandit the Bandit."

"Who in Yama's name do you think is piloting this plane?" came a voice over the
 loudspeaker. "They kicked me out too - me, their liberator and champion against the ex-
 pression of a cruel tyrant. They said they'd had too much war and revolution." I'm
 going to Liverpool to play my sitar and study the mysteries of occidental philosophy."

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This publication is not edited under the supervision of Bangs Leslie Tapscott

1966AA - PRESS RELEASES

SALONA (1 March 1914): Crowds of enthusiastic Balkanians thronged through the capital today, chanting the praises of Her Imperial Majesty Empress/Pope Lukrezia/Joan III and of His Imperial Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm III, following the announcement that the co-rulers of all Europe would be married later this year in ceremonies at the Cathedral of St. Rodewix the All-Powerful (which stands near the small, shabby church of St. Peery the Pea-Brain in Wien). Her Majesty made a brief appearance on Her balcony, and cried out to Her subjects, "People, people on the mall, / Who's the cutest Pope of all?" With one voice, the happy throng cried out, "Joan the Second."

TOKYO (12 March 1914): The Imperial Ministry of Information of Japan today confirmed the unfortunate deaths of several citizens of Balkanian America, including a Mr. Mutinus Nightstand, a publisher, and a Mrs. Svetsoxa Hullabalua, an itinerant dock-worker. The body of the latter had been embalmed and shipped to Japan last winter and had been viewed by several experts, including Count Niccolo Borgia, cousin to Empress Lukrezia and Balkanian Ambassador to Japan. It was positively identified from fingerprints forwarded from the Balkanian Central Intelligence Authority. The Imperial Government sent apologies to Salona. The deaths of these individuals had been the subject of conflicting reports in the subversive New York press, although Balkanian authorities now speculate that the so-called "Party Story" should be dated as much as a day earlier than the "Death Story", since the final conviction of the defendants took place, not in the Court of Errors, but in the Supreme Court of the Occupation Authority, in reviewing an appeal from the Great Court of the Governor of Karifuna (California).

BROOKLYN (13 March 1914, UREP): The eminent Russian zoologist, Dr. Palaeoanthrovich, now an exile in America, prepared to depart for Japan on the Magoo Maru, a luxury liner but a ship noted for navigational problems. Dr. Palaeoanthrovich is enthusiastic about the studies of suspended animation which he intends to undertake in Tokyo.

"There is a woman there," he told reporters for a scurrilous Brooklyn tabloid, "who has remained in a state of suspended animation ever since she took on too much alcohol at a banquet in Los Angeles a few months ago. "I am moderately familiar with the subject of this curious event," the scientist said, "and I am not surprised at this development. It is well-known that the lower life forms show surprising tenacity of life, and are capable of undergoing suspended animation for long periods of time."

ROME (14 March 1914): Balkanian authorities here have revealed that Miss Joan Dark, accused of a scandalous nightclub act in which she sought to imitate Her Holiness the Pope, is also the mistress of Pedro, Cardinal (now deposed and excommunicated) Peericelli. Lorenzo Cardinal Peericelli, Her Holiness' confessor and - uh - close friend, revealed this latest scandal to the press saying, "Isn't it nice? All in the family!"

SARAWAK (30 April 1914): The sleepy court of Rajah Abercrombie F. Brooks-Brothers, sovereign of this tiny neutral nation, was enlivened today by the arrival of a strange craft from the north. As the boat entered the harbor, it proved to be a long canoe, paddled by fourteen beautiful Japanese girls, who carried as passenger the noted American publisher Mutinus Nightstand.

Brought immediately to the Rajah's court, Mr. Nightstand explained the circumstances of his curious voyage. Taken prisoner over a California charge of pornography, he had been brought to Japan to supervise the reorganization of that country's publishing industry. However, after a few months the publisher tired of Japanese life and decided to return home to Brooklyn. "So I made a few friends on this Japanese island where all the women are accomplished skin-divers," he told a reporter for the United Rabble Rousing Press, "and got them to bring me this far. I expect to get passage on the Magoo Maru on its return voyage to Brooklyn."

To while away the time, Mr. Nightstand intends to go into the back country of Sarawak to collect the famous erotic wood carvings of Inner Kalimantan. "We'll use them to illustrate the third volume of Princess Svetsoxa's memoirs," he said as he left for inland regions. "Nothing else could possibly liven up the damned thing."

This is

O At

P Great

E Intervals

R This

A Appears

T To

I Inflame

● Optic

N Nerves

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ANKARA (3 June 1914): His Excellency, Prince Cesare Bordska, Commander-in-Chief of Balkania's Southern Armies, today announced that all organized resistance in Turkey has ceased. "Of course," he remarked, "a few leaky tugs, calling themselves the Turkish Navy, still skulk about the Black Sea area, with Sultan Thompson in command - if you can call it that - but Turkey has ceased to exist as a country. And now - to work! The demographic problems of Anatolia are enormous!!"

SEVASTOPOL: The Sevastopolitan Ministry of Truth, Propaganda, and Censorship today issued a refutation of the continued nonsense emanating from the wicked and deceitful hearts of the wretched underlings concocting the warped and utterly ludicrous mouthings of the Balkanian Propaganda Ministry. Earl Turnoff read the refutation to assembled reporters in the Fairwood Palace: "The recent attempts of Balkania to insist that nothing is amiss at the Salona Court would be humorous were they not so utterly and unbelievably fantastic. Lest anyone be taken in by Balkania's unfounded fantasies and fabrications, we shall review once again the history of the Lucrezia controversy. As you will recall, the problem all started when Balkanian Empress Lucrezia refused to live here in Sevastopol with her rightful lord and husband, our own Tsar Andre I of Grand Sevastopol. To punish this rebellious female, the Tsar ordered that the vodka shipments being delivered to Salona for the perpetual Bordscha orgies be treated with Bordschabiazin. Thus, Lucrezia's male proteges all consumed more than sufficient quantities to assure that Lucrezia herself received a massive dose of Bordschabiazin in the prescribed manner. In fact, you will remember that the Salona press itself confirmed this fact when it reported orgies of a scale leaving no doubt that the entire court was under the influence of the aphrodisiac Bordschabiazin. Of course, everyone knows that Bordschabiazin has the unfortunate side-effect of rapidly speeding up the aging process. Thus, within a matter of weeks, Lucrezia had physically deteriorated to the point where she was indistinguishable from a woman of over 70 years old. It was at this desperate moment that Lucrezia, ever vain, decided to perpetuate the myth of her youth and beauty by having her look-alike cousin Countess Hagnelda Pilsudski take her place while she, herself, went into exile in Brooklyn. Everyone certainly remembers that the Balkanian Propaganda Ministry had even admitted to the existence of this Hagnelda, but now, in an unbelievable display of audacity, they dare to claim that the young and vivacious creature who so closely resembles the Empress in all but one vital quality is actually Lucrezia herself! How absurd! Well, we shall unmask them, because Lucrezia is currently undergoing a top-secret Bordschabiazin cure at a heavily guarded spa. Soon she will emerge and prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that she is the real Lucrezia. In fact, Lorenzo Cardinal Peericelli is invited to come and help in the verification, if he dares to, that is."

SEVASTOPOL: Celebrating the tenth anniversary of the ascension of Tsar Andre I, the entire country of Grand Sevastopol is going through a delirious round of celebrations. The Tsar's fantastic military and diplomatic prowess is held to have saved the country from certain defeat at the hands of nearly everyone in Europe. Accepting everyone's congratulations, the Tsar modestly noted that "it was really nothing. All I had to do was lick the boots of everyone in sight!"

SEVASTOPOL: The former Turkish ambassador was today convicted of crimes against humanity for refusing to participate in the celebrations in honor of the 10th Anniversary of Tsar Andre's ascension to the throne. As a fitting punishment, he was condemned to be bound to the bow of the Grand Admiral Bayleov's flagship Satyr in its next encounter with the Turkish fleet.

WITH THE BLACK FLEET (DMI-TASS): Grand Admiral Bayleov today returned the former Turkish ambassador to civil authorities, reporting the attempted means of execution to be an utter failure. "There is no Turkish fleet in the Black Sea," reported the Grand Admiral. "Apparently reports that there was such a fleet were picked up by our intelligence from a scurrilous Brooklyn publication of dubious reliability." Perhaps the Grand Admiral was a bit hasty in drawing his conclusion that there is no Turkish fleet in the Black Sea. After all, perhaps they are simply afraid to engage the Grand Sevastopolitan Fleet...

PEERIJAVO: Gathering in the majestic Cathedral of St. Peery the Martyred here this month were the crowned heads of the world as the first Holy Roman Emperor in over a hundred years was installed as ruler of the vast Empire. A vivid description of the coronation ceremonies is given us via the PPP Broadcasting Company's newest satellite, the

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Mubey Bird III by our European correspondent Nancy Bickerson:

"The procession is coming down the main aisle to the accompaniment of a beautiful processional composed for the occasion by Johann Sebastian Goldberg. Led by the Archbishop of Peerijavo, Wilhelm Cardinal Peericelli (that's called "packing the house", or "cathedral" if you like) and accompanied by their eminences Lorenzo Cardinal Peericelli, Jose Cardinal Peericelli, and the Apostolic Delegate to Peerijavo, John Cardinal Greensleeves. Following the brilliant reds of Princes of the Church came the splendid white robes of His Holiness, Uriah IV. Surrounded by members of the local Pontifical Guards and Knights of Levity, the Pope assumed his throne at the side of the giant Peericini Altar, designed in 1456 by Giuspei Peericini, a noted Peerijavan renaissance sculptor. With the members of the clergy in their places the nobles temporal are entering the Cathedral. Led by the Dean of the Peerijavan Diplomacy Corps, Ambassador the Lord Viscount Lawrence of Eire, His Eminence the Sultan Mohammed Iddi II of the Maldiv Islands, and Count Wishie-Swiss of Monaco the diplomats slowly take their places.

Next come the princes of the Empire, led by the seven electors of Brandenburg, Saxony, Trier, Mainz, Cologne, Rhine, and Bohemia (the Bohemian representative represents the Government-in-Exile which is leading a war of national liberation against the hated Borgia regime) and the more than 300 princes of Germany. The Hapsburgs, the Wittenburgs, the Battenburgs, the Olmburgs, the Iceburgs, the Hohellenzburgs, all the great families, are gathering together for the first time in modern history. Then, slowly, almost imperceptibly a great hush settles over the gathering as the trumpets announce the entry of the next Holy Roman Emperor, James, Prince of Borgia, Duke of Beshamabia, Duke of Beyerland, Viscount of Mustbachia, Varden of Boardmania, Elector of Comberland, and Governor of Ochranbull. Surrounded by representatives of his many domains James nears the Altar. Then, watched by millions, he is slowly invested with the trappestry ((sic)) of the high office. Then, breathlessly, the peak of the ceremony, the crown of the Hapsburgs, surmounted by the giant Snoopy diamond, is to be placed on his head. Slowly, inch by inch the Pope lowers the crown. Lower, lower, over the head, across the brow, over the ears, the eyes, the crown comes to rest on the Emperor's nose.

With a might shout the nobles hail their new Emperor. HAIL JAMES, EMPEROR OF THE EMPIRE! Precariously balancing his crown on his nose, holding the giant scepter of office, James makes his way to the throne brought from Vienna for this occasion. Following the conclusion of the Church's ritual James is led forth to the city square to face his subjects. He is cheered wildly as he sets forth in his great chariot of office for his quarters in the Peeryhaus."

"This is (sob) Nancy Bickerson returning you to PPP Central."

WIENERDINGER: The authoritative Peeri's List of Peers came out last night and was immediately sold out as everyone rushed to see if the authoritative work was giving credence to the recent rumors that there was any connection between the Peericellis, one of Europe's noblest families, and the Borgias, a group of ex-falconers now raising chickens in Rantoul for a D. T. T. faming group. In its leading editorial the editor of the book, Fanny St. Claire Peeri (the former consort of the old Emperor Prince Char-lies) denied that there could be any connection between the two families. She based her claims on several points.

Physical Differences: The Peericellis are known to descend from the Valois-Orleans-Bourbons of France and thus possess the traditional Francian romantic looks, while the Gallic traces in the family contribute a sense of mysticism. The Peericellis have traditionally been tall, dark, with fair skin, blue eyes, long flowing hair, etc. but more than anything else are noted for their superb sense of grace and dignity on all occasions.

The Borgias on the other hand are known to tend toward obesity, thinning hair, sagging jowls, and skimpy mustaches, especially among the ladies.

Intellectual Differences: Miss Peeri noted that while the Peericellis had traditionally served the public and people in posts of honor and responsibility including the highest levels of diplomatic, political, and religious service. On the other hand, the Borgias have traditionally served as hired mercenaries, kitchen skulls ((sic)), and other domestic functions. The Borgias have also been heavy contributors to those functions always found in certain disreputable areas of larger cities.

In conclusion Miss Peeri said: "There is no possible connection between the Peer-

cellis and the Borgias. This is like imagining a marriage between the Rockefellers and the Goldwaters, or the Reagans and the Baezes. It's pure adulterated hogwash."

CONCORD: Hey, dittle, dittle the cat and fiddle. Did I really see Charlie jump over the moon?

Tit for tat, caught a bat. Whoops, it was only a rat named Dygert.

Sat on a tuffet? Not a buffet? What happened to the diffet? Where did he go?

THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

A number of moves, expected for a deadline of 30 December, failed to arrive due to the Christmas mail logjam. The deadline for "Fall 1914" moves in 1966AA and for "Winter 1905" moves in 1967V has been postponed to Saturday 6 January 1968. This date is already the deadline for "Fall 1906" moves in 1967U. The 147th and 148th issues of GRAUSTARK will be mailed out together, along with two poll ballots whose return would be appreciated at the earliest possible opportunity.

LEFTOVERS #2 will be published at about the same time as GRAUSTARK #148. This 30-page genzine contains articles, poems, and letters originally planned for KNOWABLE and for POINTING VECTOR. It costs 25¢, subscriptions 5 issues for \$1.

Your Gamesmaster confesses to a moderate confusion. Recently there arrived from Larry Peery a letter containing the following items:

1. The stern injunction "I forbid you to use the dateline St. Peerigrad".
2. Five press releases datelined "St. Peerigrad", with the heading: "The following is for publication".

Publication of the press releases is delayed pending clarification from Peery.

In your Gamesmaster's rebuttal to George Lincoln Dygert's letter in GRAUSTARK #144, a remark of the conservative publisher Ned Touchstone was quasi-quoted. Touchstone's exact words, as purveyed to a quarter million readers in The Councillor of 30 September 1966, were: "A true conservative is even more interesting in preserving white civilization and racial purity than he is in conserving just tax dollars." Dygert has not yet stated whether he agrees or disagrees with this fundamental statement of the actual character of contemporary American conservatism.

Larry Peery, however, has so stated. During the last Republican governor's primary in California, he worked for the cosmetics manufacturer William Penn Patrick, a wealthy reactionary. Patrick has since gone on into wider fields, and is now the Patriotic Party's nominee for Vice-President. His running mate is George Wallace. Wallace and Patrick were nominated last 4 July by Robert DeFugh, leader of the right-wing guerilla group which has appropriated the name "Minutemen". The Patriotic Party is the political wing of this gang of conservative gun nuts, and is too far right even for the John Birch Society. Tell us more, Larry.

My wife and I would like to express our thanks and our most cordial greetings for the New Year to all the Diplomacy fans who sent us Christmas cards. These cards came too many and too late for individual acknowledgement, so I'm afraid that this general announcement will have to express our appreciation.

Terry Kuch sends along a clipping from the Washington Post of 10 December 1967, relating the growth of a Diplomacy craze at the School of International Service at American University. A game is reported which began at 6:20 on Friday evening and continued to 3:00 the following Sunday afternoon, with about 100 players. The players were divided into seven 14-man teams, and involved espionage as well as other forms of diplomacy. Turkey was an odds-on favorite as the Post went to press.

Recently, WBAI broadcast a collection of pro-war opinions, taken from Hawk spectators of the anti-war demonstrations at the induction centers. Almost without exception the Hawks advocated forcibly suppressing anti-war beliefs. Deportation was the mildest penalty recommended; most of them asked shooting, hanging, or torture. Rantoul papers please copy.

THE ADVENTURES OF SECRET AGENT O-O-HATE

Chapter XL

"Yes, O-O-Hate," said his boss Mac as he led him into the next room, "we've arranged for you to have a teen-age boy assistant go with you on your future missions against the International Pacifist Conspiracy. It will give our agency a better image. There is a disturbing lack of enthusiasm among young people for the American Way of War, and we hope that identification with your assistant will help counteract this distressingly pacifist development."

"How did you recruit this fellow?" asked Secret Agent O-O-Hate, who in civilian life is Clark Gungel, mild-mannered comic book collector of Bugle, Pennsylvania.

"We recruited him through the Young Americans for Feudalism, the Intercollegiate Phalanx of Individualists, and the youth division of the John Booth Society. After interviewing seven hundred applicants, we found a suitable one." The two men entered another of the many rooms hidden deep below the surface of Washington. As they entered, a clean-cut young man stood up to greet them.

"Secret Agent O-O-Hate," said Mac, "I'd like you to meet your new assistant, Victor Charlie Burner. Burner, this is your new boss, Secret Agent O-O-Hate, with whom you'll be working to thwart the sinister forces of World Peace."

"Just one thing, Mac," O-O-Hate said. "He won't be living with me, will he? You know what they've been saying about Batman and Robin..."

"Perish the thought!" their boss replied. "Burner's secret identity will be that of a seminarian at the Blessed Balthasar Gerard Seminary, just outside Bugle. We will build an extension of the Knot Line. By this time tomorrow, the stretched string which joins a bean can in my office to a tomato can in your bomb-shelter will have attached to it an extension leading to a strained spinach can in Burner's cell!"

"Golly gee!" Burner exclaimed. "I bet we'll show those pacifistic old commies and peace marchers and things! I can hardly wait!"

Just then, a young messenger boy in a brigadier general's uniform rushed up to Mac and handed him a telegram labeled "OH SO SECRET". Mac ripped it open, gasped, and said, "Here's your chance, Burner!"

"Gosh-wow! My first mission for the American Way of War! That is it, sir? A peace march against the canonization of Cardinal Spellman? A threat to picket John Wayne movies? A plan to blow up National Review?"

"No, Burner," said O-O-Hate as he read the message. "This is something far worse! To the Hatemobile at once!"

"You mean -"

"Yes!"

((That new peril do secret agent O-O-Hate and Burner face? Follow their adventures in the next issue of GRAUSTARK.))

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GRAND DUCHY OF BEAUCOUILLON - XIV

The rise of Protestantism in northern Europe was at first regarded as a serious threat by the Grand Dukes, and in 1567 they attempted to halt its spread by reviving lion-feedings in the Circus Minimus, a Roman arena near the Grand Ducal Palace. However, this was discouraged in 1580 by the "Red Eminence", Roger Cardinal d'Avinc. In a secret communication to Grand Duke Dionisio XVI, he wrote: "It is true that these new heresies in the North urge men to a more austere existence, thus persuading them that such amenities as Beaucouillon offers are sinful. Yet as a Prince of the Church, so well do I understand the fallen nature of man, that I can assure Your Highness that no great decrease will take place in the Grand Duchy's income. Gambling, carousing, and wenching will flourish as always. The only change will be a more shame-faced attitude on the part of their practitioners. I therefore beseech Your Highness to lay in a good supply of masks, and to drape the chambres séparées liberally with curtains and shutters. Thus prepared, we may take as good profit of Protestants as ever we did of Catholics, Jews, Turks, pagans, and unbelievers. Moreover, these heresies will be productive of most bloody wars, and war always makes mankind more appreciative and more reckless in the pursuit of such ameliorative pleasures as our land affords."

THE DIPLOMATIC POUCH

WILLIAM LEE LINDEN, 83-33 Austin St., Kew Gardens, N. Y. 11415: If a vote in San Francisco is not "a demonstration of the national consensus", then votes in Cambridge, New York, and Cleveland would not be either. ((That vote in New York or Cleveland?)) And what evidence do you have that it wasn't? Have you polled the whole nation? If this is the case, what is the point of having it on the ballot at all? (Besides furnishing you with propaganda).

((Compare the turnouts at pro-war and anti-war parades. There was one of each in New York this spring. By the count of the New York Daily News, a fiercely pro-war newspaper, there were more marchers in the anti-war than in the pro-war parade. A similar pair of parades in Los Angeles in late summer gave a 10-k advantage to the anti-war movement.))

BOB WARD, 2704 S St., Sacramento, Calif. 95816: In 1966B your account of the game was mildly inaccurate. Jerry Pournelle and I allied only after Austria ceased sending in moves at the same time as Germany. Prior to that I had constructed a German-Austrian-Italian alliance that was anti-Turkish, but wasn't about to get stomped because of my "allies" not sending in moves.

My earlier raid into Austria was not part of any alliance with Jerry so much as a grab for territory from a country that had been played less than regularly and therefore should have made good pickings. Unfortunately Bob Cline came back into the game then allied with Turkey against me to drive me out.

At one point, somewhere around 1905, England and I had a working agreement covering the South, under which I supported him into Spain from Marseilles. He threw me out of Marseilles the next move with the same fleet I supported in and that is the main reason I did not switch over to him late in the game when Jerry and I had finally allied. I couldn't win either way and of the two Jerry had been more honest in his dealings with me and so "earned" the win.

((Sorry; I had to call it as I saw it. Your decision to ally with Turkey rather than with England reminds me of local Diplomacy games, where the weaker players ally themselves against whoever has doublecrossed them most recently.))

MICHAEL CHILDERS, Buckner Hall, San Marcos, Texas 78666: Some of the most interesting things in your magazine are the Agent O-O-Hate articles and other little tidbits such as the "Ballad of the SS Troop".

CHRIS WAGNER, Box 6008, APO San Francisco, Calif. 96328: GRAUSTARK #146 proved very interesting from a number of standpoints. Personally, I think you should have stopped your editorial right after the word "trigger" on page 10. At that point you went from simply offering completely unrealistic approaches to ending war to the utterly untenable position of defending lawlessness in the "peace" movement, and thence to the verge of advocating anarchy! Actually, if you had stopped the thing at the word "danger" on page 9, you would have made the irrefutable point that war is bad and been one up on everybody.

((The comparison of war with anarchy is very interesting. War between nations is precisely the same thing as is anarchy between individuals. On every level except the international there is an authority - in large parts of the world tyrannical or arbitrary, but still an authority - for the settlement of disputes. You cannot with consistency defend war and attack anarchy; the former is the latter grown great and murderous. I consider a revolution to bring down a government which makes war wholly laudable - so did our ancestors, when the government of Wilhelm II was toppled by the revolution which made possible the end of World War I.))

My thoughts on 1966R are: (1) Miss Gemignani did, in fact, leave Turkey with very good prospects for immediate and long-range gains given a change in the policy followed up to that point, and (2) whether or not Margaret would have made that change is a moot point. Certainly the alliance with Austria-Hungary against Russia was an unprofitable one, even though I did take over with one build coming.

I was very pleased with "The Feast of the Wheel" on page 1 of the same issue, and in that spirit I wish the best for you and your family for the coming year.

II. "Pawn to King Four? Hell, No, I Don't Go!"

"You play war, General; I play chess." - Samuel Reshevsky (age 5) to a German general, 1917.

A great deal can be told about a man by the analogies he uses. And one of the oldest and most favored analogies to world politics and war is that of a game - a great game of unbelievable complexity, played with treaties and armies for stakes of power and wealth. Towards the end of the 9th Century, in a letter to Harun al-Rashid, the Roman Emperor Nikephoros described his predecessor Irene as a mere pawn, but himself as a rook. Ivan IV sent a chessboard to Elizabeth I, with an explanation of how trade routes in the North could be opened to their mutual advantage. A play from the time of James I depicts the cold war between England and Spain as a chess game, with the Anglican and Roman churches as the two queens. (Spain, of course, is Black.) A cartoon from the War of the Rebellion shows a government general laying down a hand of cards which cleans out Jeff Davis' last chips. Another, from World War I, shows Hindenburg giving check to a dismayed bunch of Entente leaders. A popular story after that war tells how St. Peter displays a full house in a poker game with the devil, only to be beaten by that worthy's four kings.

In current analogies of the world situation, Americans seem fond of similes drawn from the poker table, while Russians exemplify their national preoccupation with chess. President Eisenhower once described a cabinet meeting as if it were a strategy conference on how to bet a poker hand: the Secretary of State describes the possibilities of the hand, and the Secretaries of the Treasury and Defense determine how much we can put up in the way of a stake. In Russia there have been produced several chess sets which pit white capitalists against red proletarians. (In one such set, figures of Trotsky and others had to be hastily bleached.) This disparity of outlook has even produced a discussion as to whether poker or chess is a better analog to the current international situation.

Basic to all these analogies is the notion, held by heads of state and their henchmen, that world politics is a gigantic game played on a world-wide board, with people as counters. All moves - military, economic, diplomatic - are relevant to this game, as an advantage is sought. Even though the metaphor gets confused - for example, is Vietnam a player, a game board, or a stake? - national leaders still use it. A heavy loss in counters is taken for granted by all players, in an attitude best characterized by Anatole France in his satire Penguin Island. A Penguin tourist remonstrates with a citizen of "New Atlantic" - by which our own republic is patently meant - over the speed with which their senate voted a war. "It is an unimportant war which will hardly cost eight million dollars," the New Atlantean replies. "And men?" "The men are included in the eight million dollars."

This attitude is exemplified in real life by President Eisenhower's metaphorical poker game, which also "includes the men in the eight million dollars". Men's lives, the lives and safety of their families, their property, the cultural treasures of civilization, become so many chips to be shoved across the table when a gamester decides on an increase of the stake. Hundreds of thousands of men are condemned to death for an evanescent future advantage with as little concern as a chessplayer pushes his King's Bishop's Pawn in a gambit.

As an added insolence, anti-war criticism is met by these gamesters within the context of their awful game. Do you object to U. S. policy in Vietnam, they ask. Then tell us your alternate strategy. How else should we go about playing this game? You don't think the best defense to 1. P-Q4 is 1...P-Q4? Do you think that 1...N-KB3 or 1...P-QB4 might be better? Then we'll hear you out, but the game must go on.

This arrogance, begotten by the mental limitations of those who wish to play war games with real soldiers, assumes that the "game" must go on forever. Different players may come and go, different nations rise and fall as world powers; but the "game" goes on forever. It does not lie within their mental framework that anyone might want to stop the game, but only that different strategies might be employed in its play.

Implicit in this view of world affairs is the assumption that the "counters" will always be at the disposal of the "players". The statesmen who send out orders for war,

or make policies which envisage war as a thinkable alternative, display a sublime disregard for human life. They imagine that their noble ancestry, electoral majority, or devotion to some ideology, confers upon them the right to loose these horrors upon humanity.

To such men, their "counters" are eternally passive. They no more expect resistance to their marching orders, than a chess player would expect a pawn to balk at being sent out to certain capture. When the possibility is suggested that the people under their control might balk at such cavalier disposal of their lives, the "gamesters" panic. One need only look at the ravings of congressional hawks against the peace movement to realize how deeply their preconceptions are challenged by the possibility, or even the advocacy, of peace.

The men who, by one means or another, come to the control of nations, seem singularly obtuse in this respect. They seem incapable of distinguishing between the symbol and the fact, between the metaphor and reality. And they do not pay for their stupidity themselves, but pass it along to the millions of men, women, and children whom they shove unconcernedly across the "board". Such stupidity and callousness unfits them for even the business of everyday life, let alone the control of national affairs.

Yet they will play this deadly "game" only as long as they are permitted to do so. Without the silent assent of their millions of "pawns" and "counters", they would be as powerless as the glazed-eyed gambling devotees who incessantly yank down the handles at Las Vegas or shove chips across the baize at Monte Carlo. So, in the last analysis, it comes down to the common folk who are the subjects of this monstrous "game". Every man is obligated to do what he can to impair, and finally to end, his own country's capacity to make war. No false issues such as foreign "threats" or an alleged basic depravity in human nature should be allowed to get in the way of this task, which holds the first order of importance if our species is to survive.

Once the assurance that a large and docile army stands at their disposal is withdrawn from them, national leaders will find themselves forced into saner policies. Until now, nations have considered certain policies as having greater or lesser importance to the national interest, and have regarded war as one of several alternatives which can be employed towards gaining these ends. A better rearrangement of priorities would require the avoidance of war to be the national policy having first priority. Other policies and actions would follow from this fundamental imperative. And this imperative must be enforced by a firm determination, on the part of the potential "counters" of the war "game", that the making of war by their national leaders will not be permitted under any excuse.

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"Cleon and Brasidas...had been the two principal opponents of peace on either side - the latter from the success and honour which war gave him, the former because he thought that if tranquillity were restored his crimes would be more open to detection and his slanders less credited." - Thucydides